A FISHING.

A youth and a maid went a fishing one d One sunshiny morning in May:
She with a sketch book, he with a fly.
And little they guessed that Cupid so styThat Cupid himself was fishing hard by—
Was fishing just over the way.

May, ad made with the bowstring a fish-pole tha

day.

nd ever the way, had be happened to look,
the he of the fishing rod, she of the book,
little thinking that Cupid was fishing th brook, The very same brooklet as they.

And so it fell out as they angled away; A big shiny carp came a swimming that way; And as in a moment they each made a cast. Cupid's line caught the line of, the youth as i

passed.

An a tangle so witchingly woven they say

It has not been untied since that morning i

BENTLY'S PRACTICE.

The Fortunate Result of an Un pleasant Predicament.

When Bently and I were first mar ried we lived at Bradham, a large man-ufacturing town in Yorkshire. I am thankful to say we do not live there now; only those who have had experience of that place can imagine horrible it is.

Fancy a great big city with between two and three thousand inhabitants all devoted to wool-living by it and for it, talking, dreaming and thinking nothing but wool, with hundreds of tall chimnies from the mills, all pouring forth volumes of smoke and all making cloth, or shoddy, or something of that kind, as fast as they can; and with all this, not a ghost of a sheep to be seen unless one goes miles out on to the moors, and even then the air is full of smoke that the poor dears are quite black and grimy and haven't a clean back among them; so different from the "Improved Leicesters" my father ds on his farm in Devonshire, who have fleeces as white as snow, and who look perfectly sweet when they are washed and started off to the Bath and West of England show with blue ribbons round their necks.

nk what Bradham was to me! used as I had been all my life to the refined society of a Cathedral town; for I can assure you that the inhabitants of Bradham are not charming; they are mostly very rich, and live in great houses with hosts of servants; the women dress very gorgeously, and the men have a taste for diamond studs and large watch chains; they have, with few exceptions, risen from the very lowest classes, and are not nice their prosperity, but bumptious and and rather contemptuous toward those who are not as wealthy as they are.

When Bently bought a practice there every one seemed to think that it would be a good thing, that it was a fine opening, and that we would get on well; and in the end their conjecture proved true, though not at all in the way they imagined.

I was really very miserable at Brad-ham for two years, for I could not get on with the people, and of course a doctor's wife ought to be on good terms with everybody. The only person I cared for at all was Lizzie Dacres. She and her mother lived in a little house near to us; they were not at all well off, and Lizzie did china painting. She and I got very friendly, and we spent a good deal of time together.

Just at first the practice seemed a good one, and then it began steadily to fall off. Whether it was that people did not like Bently, or thought him too young, I can not tell; but a great many who had been his predecessor's pa-tients never sent for him at all, but employed some one else, and he grew melancholy over it.

I had no fortune of my own, and he only what he carned, as he had invested all his money in this affair, so that would be a very black lookout for us. He did not like to put carriage and horse, for it looks so bad for a doctor to have to re trench, people invariably say he does not succeed because he is incapable; so then we were living far beyond our means and getting into debt.

It was very unpleasant, and I was always reproaching myself, for I fancied it was partly my fault. Every one used made his practice for him.

sit and think and think what Mrs. Moxon could have done and how I could possibly make Bently's practice

I heard of a doctor's wife once who gave a supper and colored all the jel-lies with some pink stuff she found in the surgery, and the next day every one was so violently ill that her hus-band could not go to bed for three nights, but had to spend all his time ministering to his ex-guests.

I knew that Mrs. Moxon used to give swell dinner parties, and I used to wonder if she artfully poisoned the en-trees, and, if so, what she did it with. day Bently came in looking rather less blue than usual.

"Madge," he said, "I have got a nice new P. T. (we used to call the patients P. T.'s), and who do you think it is?" "I could not guess, so at last he had to tell me-Mr. Jerry Winterbottom, of

Mr. Jerry Winterbottom was enor-nously rich and very influential, for being a mill-owner he had a

great deal of land and house property. I knew him and his wife quite well by sight; they were both very large, and people always spoke of them as "a fine know how to punish it." couple"—in appearance, at least, they were very imposing. They had the biggest horses and the tallest footmen in Bradham, and only one child to I dared not move or make a sound, and leave every thing to.

called, was about twenty-four, and in a troubled voice: quite different from his parents. He was small and slight and delicate, with has been some mist as small and slight and delicate, with has been some mistake. The servant misunderstood. Mrs. Ellis is not at ways glancing nervously about. ways glancing nervously about. His father and mother were devoted

od him the least; they were trying to make him as pretentious as themselves, and push him forward, when all he wanted was to be left in

peace in the background.

He might have been very happy, i
he loved books, music and paintin and had money to indulge his tastes in all three; but Mr. Winterbottom did not approve of not approve of what he called "artist trash," and always wanting to stir Jerry up, and make him take an interest in politics; he actually had an idea at one time of making him stand for

Mrs. Winterbottom was just as bad. and the two used to badger and worry that poor boy (all from a mistaken notion of what was good for him!) till I
think they made him as unhappy as a
boy could be. To crown all, they set
their hearts on his marrying Charlotte
Porritt, the daughter of Mr. Winterbottom's partner. Charlotte was a young woman of the style called "dashing," with big black eyes and a loud voice. Young Jerry hated her, and opposed his parents to the limit of his feeble will; then he gave in.

Just when they had wrung a prom ise from him to propose to Charlotte, he fell ill of a kind of intermittent fever, and then it was they called in Bently. Though Jerry was ill, he was not so bad as to be confined to the ouse altogether; sometimes he had to stop in and lie on the sofa, but some times he was strong enough to go out and walk about. not to be worried or contradicted a all, but must be allowed to do jus what he liked, and to amuse himself as uch as possible.

much as possible.

One day, my husband told me that
Mr. and Mrs. Winterbottom were going to call on me. 1 suppose I made
rather a face, for he said, a little sharply:

"Now do be careful what you say and how you behave, they are the best patients I have; and please be amiable and conciliatory even if they do pat-

I was as anxious to secure their good will as he was, for I knew what an influential connection theirs was; so I determined when they came to pu on my prettiest manners.

day after the announcement of their approaching visit was made was pouring wet, so wet that nobody would have thought of going out. Lizzie Dacres just ran in after lunch, and we sat gossiping over the fire till about three, then I suddenly said:

"No one will call to-day. I shall

wash my hair." I have an inconvenient amount of hair, and it is a very serious affair to

wash it. Well, I was sitting on the edge of the fender, in an old red rag of a dress-ing-gown, with all my tresses in wel rat-tails about my shoulders, and a towel in my hand, when there came a emendous ring at the front-door bell.

We were in the dining-room, I must tell you, and there was no fire in the drawing-room. The peal had hardly died away, when we heard heavy footsteps, and Sarah's voice in sprightly tones of wel-

ome, saying:
"Oh, yes mum! She's at home!" I gave one glance of agony at Lizzie, and then sprang lightly into a large cupboard where we kept jars and newspapers, and drew the door to after

In this cupboard was another doo opening into the surgery, and my idea had been to escape through it and up the back stairs, then, after a few minutes spent on a hurried toilet, I could descend gracefully attired. During minutes Lizzie would enter those few

tain the visitors. Imagine my horror when I found the door of exit locked, while, oh! dismal truth! the visitors were none other than the Jerry Winterbottoms, before whom I could not appear in my eccen-

tric costume. Lizzie, who had divined my plan of scape, but who was, of course, ignorant of its frustration, began to converse in the most elegant manner, and confirmed Sarah's statement that I was in a moment, having just been called

to the nursery! This was all very well for five, for ten, even for fifteen minutes; but at last the conversation, which had b getting more and more jerky and dis-connected, stopped altogether, and a painful silence fell.

To add to the agony of my position, a deadly fear was seizing hold of me that Bently would come into the surgery, and would, all unconsciously open the door of communication, and send me flying as from a catapult, wet hair, red dressing-gown, towel and all, into the startled midst of the Winterottoms.

It was not till afterward that I dis covered that this fear, at least, was groundless; the cupboard door shut with a spring, and could only be opened from the outside.

By and by the distraught Elizabeth spoke again. "I do not think the maid can have

told Mrs. Ellis you were here. If you will excuse me, I will go and see.'

Then I heard her leave the room and Mrs. Jerry say to Mr. Jerry: "How very extraordinary! Do you think any thing has happened? Do you think she has gone mad? I have heard from one or two people that she

is a little queer.' I had to bite my tongue to prevent myself from screaming out "Who?" at the idea of people being so horrid as to say I was "queer," just because I kept myself to myself, as our old nurse

used to say.
"Such conduct is more than ques it is impudent," answered her husbane in his most pompous tones; "But if this rudeness is intentional I shall

Then I heard hurried footsteps pass ing to and fro overhead; they were evidently seeking me—it was too terrible ave every thing to.
"Young Jerry," as he was always Presently Lizzle came back, and s

"I am very sorry. I am afraid there

"Not at home!" echoed Mr. Winter

"why, you told me she was

have gone out!"
"Gone out!" cried Mr. Winterbottom. "Come, my dear, there is no
mistake about that, we won't intrude
any longer." And the pair swept out
of the room. Lizzie followed them, and she and

Nurse having come to the conclusion hat I must somehow have slipped ou Nurse having come to that I must somehow have alipped out of the house and perhaps gone to Mrs. Dacres', went home, and I was left in my dark corner sobbing with misery.

What would Bently say? his best parally affended! I was too tients mortally offended! I was unhappy to make any effort to attract attention, but lay huddled up among

attention, but lay huddled up among the old Lancets and Dasiy Telegraphs, when the bell rang again, and this tim some one went into the consulting room, saying: "Very well, I will wait."

I could hear this person fidetging about, taking the books from the shelves, and opening and shutting the drawers in the escritoire.

I was just thinking how inquisitive it was, and how annoyed Bently would be at such behavior, when the new-comer walked into the surgery. There was a wide crack in the wall, and through it I could see the prying individual was young Jerry Winterbottom. Was I ever to be delivered from that family?

I thought he looked more than usually flustered and odd, and he did not sit still, but pulled the bottles about just as he had done the books, and talked to himself in a rambling, incoherent way, then he began to dance softly up and down, first on one leg and then on the other, and to make the most horrible

There is something to me very fascinating in people who make faces, and I was watching him intently, and even imitating him a little, when sud-denly he caught sight of an instrumentcase on the table; his eyes lighted up, he pounced on it, opened it, and drew out a knife, sharp and awful looking.

He ran his finger up and down the edge, laughing all the time. Then he went up to the looking-glass and unbuttoned his collar—he was going to ent his throat! I was so seared that I could not artic-

ulate; but I flung myself against the door and yelled a wild, unearthly yell. This, coming as it apparently did from nowhere at all, frigatened him so that he sprang back into a corner,

where he crouched, rolling his eyes and trembling with terror. I kept on shricking as loudly as ever I could, but I don't believe the servants would ever have heard me, and I should have gone as mad as young Jerry himself, if Timothy Donovan, an Irish laborer, had not happened to come in for his mother's medicine. He thought Mr. Winterbottom had

ady with which he was familiar, and on whose treatment he had ideas of his own. He called in Edward, the page, and between them they tied the poor fellow's arms and legs securely. They had just finished when Bently ap-peared, in t'me to hear my last feeble cream before I fainted.

The Winterbottoms were awfully kind; they declared I had saved their life, and that Bently saved it again when he pulled him through his rain fever.

When Jerry was convalescent he went abroad with my husband for a six months' tour. Of course I hated parting from Bently, but I knew i was a splendid thing for him. After ward he sold the Bradham practice and Mr. Winterbottom helped him into one in London where he is getting on

plendidly. Young Winterbottom is a different fellow now; his father and mother let bim do just as he likes and the conse quence is that he is going to turn out a very good artist. His father hangs the walls of Barrowclough with his productions, and it is very funny to hear him when he discourses on them to his

"Queer fancy this of my boy's, for dabbling and daubbing; but they tell me he's clever at it, and there's one thing he need never see the inside of the mills if he don't want, I've plenty for both-plenty for both."

Jerry has a studio near us in Kensington, and comes often to see us. The he has fallen in love with Lizzie Dacres. and they are to be married in th pring. The old people are delighted.

Agnes Power, in N. Y. Independent. spring.

Trunks and Their Cost.

'The Saratoga trunk continues to be the most popular," said a well-known trunk dealer to a reporter. "It is light, roomy, and contains a patent tray which has seized upon the fancy of the public. For traveling short distances, or going out of town for the summer, it is the best that is made. For European travel, a sole-leather trunk is the best because the strongest. These trunks are more expensive than the Saratoga and less roomy, but they stand the hardest kind of treatment. Saratoga trunks average in price from \$6 to \$20, whereas sole-leather trunks run from \$25 to \$100. The latest idea in trunks is to have a looking glass attached to the bottom of the tray. It can not be broken when the trunk is properly packed."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

-If you are contemplating a trip to Mexico, says a correspondent of the Troy Times, the sooner you make it the better. Every thing is in a transition state. Old things are fast passing away, and not only the ancient landmarks but customs and traditions which gave the country its greatest charm, are disappearing like dew before the sun. This is especially notice able in the picturesque costumes of the country, which are fast being discarded for American fashions.

-The temperature 1,000 feet in Delaney's Cave, Fayette County, Pa-was 46 degrees while outside at the same time it was 90 and the water from a spring in the cave was at 43 degrees, the coldest spring water in the country.

Arizona produced 16,000,000 nds of copper last year.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Power of the Gospel Sho Overwhelming Proof.

ith the Christian's Invincible in the Conflict-Mere Argume Nothing Refers the Testim ny of Wilnesses.

"The Facts Proved" was the subject Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's fifth sermon "The Hamptons," the discourse beir founded on the following text:

We are winesses. Acts iii., is.

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfecter of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a rail way train could never be driven, by steam power successfully and without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpoo way train could never be driven by steam power successfully and without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburg, and from Edinburg to London, have made all the nation witnesses of the aplendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Athatic ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Prof. Morse's proposition to make the lightning of Heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wile world, put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses. So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for him to rise from the dead. It was shown locically that when a man was dead he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should get up a ive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose. lute absurdity that the dead Christ should get up a ive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld him, and they took the witness-stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is in the Him hath God raised from the dead, who

Now, let me play the skeptic for a m

ent. "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen him with my physical ovesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the creduity of the ages."

There is an aged man moving in that pew as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this house there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak

pressed feeling which would like to speal out in behalf of the truth of our gloriou

We are witnesses.

The fact is, that if this world is eve The fact is, that if this world is ever brought to God it will not be through argument, but through testimeny. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul, and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other, and the man of the world will in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seems illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

seems illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic explora-tion. But, then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if 500 men, or 1,000 men, or 500,000 men, or 500,000 men, or 5,000,000 men get up and tell me that they have felt the get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound as a fair-minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you three propositions, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelm-

ng unanimity.

The first proposition is: We are an assess that the religion of Christ is able

onvert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say con-version is only an imaginary thing. We

There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Mada, ascar because they preached on years without one convert; but there are thirty-three thousand converts in Mad-

People laughed at Dr. Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are twenty thousand Eaptists in Berrah to-day. People laughed at Dr. Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are fifteen thousand Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti for fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day. tians to-day.

But why go so far to find swidences of the Gespel's power to save a soul? We are witnesses. We ware so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us, sarthly power could have melted us; sngels of God were all around about us, they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious-seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy; and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It fiung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayor-meeting with a dagger and a gun, to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying:

"Oht my great sins! Oh! my great Saviour!" and for eleven years he preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow-mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being.

"Free grace!"

"Free grace!"

Oh, it was free grace!

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of body, mind and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for twy years. What did that? Not temperate societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasien. Conversion did it.

it.

"Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else."

There is a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana and from Havana to San Frausteco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities and made him a psalm-singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit.

There are thousands of people in this house to-night who are no more what they

We are witnesses.

And if they tried to sing the old Gosphymn, they would break down with ention by the time they got to the second.

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend, On whom my hopes of Heaven depe No! When I blush, be this my sham That I so more rever His name. Again, I remark that "we are witner

and says:
"Now get your mind off this. Go out
ad breathe the fresh air. Plunge deeper

nto business."

What poor advice. Get your mind off of What poor advice. Get your mind off of it, when every thing is upturned with the bereatement, and every thing reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off of it. They might as well advise you to stop thinking. You can not stop thinking, and you can not stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air. Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plot she once plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked, fascinated, saying:

or into that snow white or into that snow white or into the pictures."

Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambi-

tion left.

Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart! I can build to Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael' "Madouna," I can play a Beethoven' "Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say: "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into husiness?"

No. There was a minute when he came And there was a minute when he came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and he breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one and say. one, and say:

"It is all right; she is better off; I would

"It is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that thou hast comforted my poor heart."

There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college, and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say: er, and you were tempted to say:
"All this culture of twenty years for

"All this culture of twenty years for nothing!"

Or the little child came home from school with the bot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physi-cian, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by the base was litted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon He was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God. What has enabled you to stand all the

rial?
"Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that

trial?

"Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray, or to look up, he breatked into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that Heaven where there is neither a tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave."

Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart! Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? Therecomes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness, saying:
"Aye, aye, we are witnesses!"

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I shall never forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the corn fields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farm house where the bereavement had come, and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted by boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said:
"What's that' what's that? Why those

black plumes. I said:
"What's that? what's that? Why the "what's hast' what's that' why those black tasses at the top!"

After it was explained to me, I was lifted up to look upon the bright f ce of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph. The whole scene made an impression I never

lorgot.
In our sermons and in our lay exhortabring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage— to a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But

want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Carist can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts, attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their death beds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other there was more tendersess." I want to know if you have ever see

by the one we felt more veneration. By the other there was more tenderness." Before the oav you bowed perhaps in awa. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands, as though they did not want to give it up?

"Oh, no," you say; "no, I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kinsed us good-by and went asleep as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Matural courage?

you say, "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road she would cry out; she was al-

ads, put your hand on the old family bie, from which they used to reed promises, and promise in the presence high Heaven that you will tell truth, the whole truth and thing but the truth. With what you high Heaven that you will be truth, the whole truth an othing but the truth. With what you've seen with your own eyes, and from hat you have heard with your own ear there power in this Gospel to give calm

We are witnesses.
You see, my friends, I have not put before you an abstraction, or a chimers, or any thing like guess work. I present you affidavits of the best men and woman, liv-ing or dead. Two witnesses in court will extablish a fact. Here are not two wit-nesses, but thousands of witnesses—on nesses, but thousands of witnesses—on earth millions of witnesses, and in Heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number, testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble and to afford composure in the last hour.

If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appailing sickness, and say they had the same sickness, and took a certain medicine and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now suppose ten other men should come up and say:

"We don't believe there is any thing in that medicine."

"Well," I say have you ever tried it!"
"No. I never tried it, but I don't believ

of course you discredit their testim
The skeptic may come and say: "There is no power in your religion."
"Have you ever tried it?"
"No, no."

"No, no."
"Then, avaunt!"
Let me take the testimony of the millions
of souls that have been converted to God,
and comforted in trial, and solaced in the
ast hour. We will take their testimony

s they cry: We are witnesses! Some time ago Prof. Henry, of Washing-ton, discovered a new star, and the tidings spread by submarine telegram, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul, cans't thou see a bright light heaming on thee? "Where?" you say, "where? How can I find it?"

find it?"
Look along by the line of the cross of the Son of God. Do you not see him trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Deep horror then my vitals froze, Death-struck, I coased the tide to stem, When suddenly a star arose— It was the Star of Bethlehem. It was the Star of Bethlehem.
Oh, hearer, get your eye on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and Heaven. When Mme. Sontag began her musical career she was hissed of the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Mme. Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said:

"Come here, my little child, come here

"Come here, my little child, come here.
Who is that you are leading by the hand?"
And the little child replied:
"That's my mother; that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight."
"Give my love to her," said Mme. Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast plage gathered at a benefit for that poo-blind woman, and it was said that Mme blind woman, and it was said that Mme. Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death, Mme. Sontag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did forher

But, ob, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind, inmortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away— Christ comes now to give thee sight, te give thee a home, to give thee Heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity he comes now to meet your need. With more comes now to meet your need than a Sontag's music be con

GIRLS AND BOYS.

Common-Sense Hints for Their Gald in Youthful Mours. in Youthful Moure.

Young girls rarely are conscious of the power they exert over the young men with whom they are brought into contact. Their standards influence the conduct of young men while they are in their presented.

nce, if at no other time.

A young lady who will allow loud and It may appear that she makes herself more attractive by this freedom, but it is not so. No girl is attractive to a gentlonan who does not maintain a gentle womanly dignity, and by her attitu

womanly digatity, and by her stitlude pre-vent a slipping away from the nicest con-ventionalities of society. In the desper matters—things affecting life in its spirit-ual and moral side—a girl has a greater influence than she dreams.

A very safe rule governing the relations between herself and her gentleman friends for a girl to make is to never per-mit a word, a subject of conversation, to take place between a gentleman and her-self that she would hesitate to have spoken or discussed in the presence of self that she would hesitate to have spoken or discussed in the presence of father, mother or brother, and this will be no bar to a pleasant, entertaining and fun making intercourse, but it will pre-vent the use of siang, the discussion of sil-ly themes and triffing with subjects that are, and should be, sacred to every young man and woman governed by refined and righteous principles.

diris love pretty things as naturally as the bees love sunshine. It is not to be granted that boys are not susceptible to be sunshine. It is not to be granted that boys are not susceptible to be sunshine portion of humanity comes the feminine portion of humanity comes the greater share of the love of the beautiful. In the home life, where so many girls are of necessity kept until they are grown to womanhood, the opportunity for beautifying themselves as well as their surroundings is often lost because the father promises of no possible use. They have outgrown their youthful thoughts, follies in their eyes now, and have learned to say, What's its use! to every thing new.

If a girl in her home life be allowed to rearrang; the rooms according to her taste, to bring into the living room plants or simply her flowers, to occasionally have some new ornament, cheap is many cases it may be, but have its newness a thing of beauty, and not have some one saying: "It's useless; it can neither be eaten nor worn"—she will take much more comfort, and care much more for her father's home. There are fathers who love their daughters—as well as they know how—and still they never allow them to think money or time can be spent on any thing that is not in itself of some obvious use; they pool-pools at the idea of a flower bed; they object to vines on the house because they are rabbish, and the idea of a flower bed; they object to vines on the house because they are rabbish, and the idea of a flower bed; they object to vines on the house because they are rabbish, and the idea of a prettily furnished room, either for the family or for the daughter herself, is an unheard of folly.

When these girls go out from the barren righteous principles.

Girls love pretty things as naturally se

of the road she would cry out; she was always rather weakly."

What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pangs of parting were not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; the showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out."

What, then, was it mat gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know.

"Oh," you say, it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say: "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed."

And some one else: "I saw a Christian sister die, and she iriumphed."

And some one else: "I saw a Christian sister die, and she iriumphed."

Some one clse will say: "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed."

Come, all ye who have seen the last mo-

GOOD HOME MARKETS

The effect of a protective tariff in the German Empire has been to supply the farmer with a home market for his grain. Germany has, for all practical rting nations. Her farmers no longer dread the effect of the development of England's East Indian whe fields; they are sure of a home market for the feeding of the vast army of manufacturing laborers which a pre-tective policy has called into existence. In this country the continually in-creasing area of the wheat fields has kept the grain supply in excess of the home demand, but the home demand, nevertheless, is increasing in greater ratio than the home supply. In plain language, the United States now exports a smaller proportion of grain to the total crop than in the free-trade period, and will diminish that proportion as protection continues to build up manufacturing

and commercial centers.

Last year the United States exported Last year the United States exported less than a one-hundredth part of its oat crop, less than a twenty-lifth of its corn, raised less potatoes than it used by 1,945,028 bushels, which it imported from Canada and the British posses-sions, and was also an importer of hay to the amount of 92,175 tons. Wheat is the only grain now raised for which a foreign market is still an absolute accessity, and of this about one-eighth of last year's crop was exported.

The total measure of the wheat crop of 1886 was 457,218,000 bushels; that of 850 was less than 91,000,000 bushels; so that the increase of production so that the increase or production is much more than 400 per cent in thirty-six years, but the increase in exports has grown in increase in exports has grown in no such ratio. In fact, they have made a marked decrease, being of the value of \$190,546,305 in 1880, \$167,698,485 in 1881, and only \$72,988,097 in 1885, while in 1886 the exports were less than 58,000,000 bushels, at prices ranging between 68 and 90 cents, 78 cents

ing the average.

These figures are conclusive as to the rapid emancipation from fears of com-petition with the pauper labor of India, which protection is working out for the American farmer. They indicate the near approach of a time when the farmer will be supplied with a ome market for his grain, the manu facturer with a home market for his goods, and the whole country selfsupporting, self-protecting, and, thereore, prosperous and happy .- Chicago

THE WOOL TARIFF.

How It Has Proved of Immense Value to the Country at Large.

Congress has made few graver mistakes than in reducing the tariff upon imported wool. The high tariff on wool proved of immense advantage to the American farmers, and the growth of the wool industry during the tariff period was of enormous propor-tions. We give below a table showing the increase in the number of sheer and production of wool from 1850 1883

In 1861 the protective system was inaugurated. From 1850 to 1860 the increase in the number of sheep in the entire country was only about 700,000. From 1860 to 1870 the increase was over 6,000,000. From 1860 to 1885 the number of sheep had increased about two and one-half times. In 1883 we raised six times the amount of wool that we did in 1850. In 1883 the value of the wool crop was \$120,000,-000, and the value of the mutter killed was \$50,000,000. In 1883 our woolen manufacturers consumed 356,-500,900 pounds of wool, or 36,500,900 more than was raised in the pounds

United States Every sensible man knows that it we had to depend upon England for our supply of wool and woolen goods, that the latter country would at once ice of both. The tariff wool tends to increase the price the enormous competition between the in woolen goods keeps the price of the latter at far less rates than they would be if we ceased to manufacture at home, and depended upon the foreignmade articles.

The tariff on wool has proved of im sense value to the country at large, and the attacks now being made upon this industry, by proposing to place wool upon the free list, should be re-garded as striking a deadly blow at the interests of the farmer, and attempting to rain one of the most important industries of the country. Civeland Leader.

Wages and the Tariff.

An English writer, discussing the tariff question, admits that, notwith standing the fact that higher wages are paid in the United States to working-men than in England, we are sup-plying England and her colonies with many manufactured goods, in direct competition with English manufacturers. Some of his sentences are preg-

nant. For instance:

The average American working-man lives one hundred per cont. better than the average working man does in Great Britain, because he has higher wages and cheaper food in greater variety.

when the United States adopt free trade,
When the United States adopt free of labor
thing approaching it, the price of labor

The attention of American working-men of all classes is directed to the above admissions. And, furthermore, reduction of wages in protected dustries should be made, by dustries should be made, by the adoption of a "tariff for revenue" policy in this country, wages would fall all along the line. Every salaried man, every man who works for hire, vould share in the reduction. Nothing is truer than that a reduction of wages along our industrial section brings a cut all along the line.—Toledo Blade.

-Cleveland Schoolma'am-"How do they find the measurement of a ship?"
Smart Youth—"By means of the navg

yard ma'am."